Mirror, Mirror, Mirror

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by Silvaxus

Summary

11. **Mirror Sex** / Formal Wear / Vore

It started as a game and neither of them wanted to lose or surrender.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Panting until the mirror in front of his face started to fog like a window in the winter, Will feared he was going to break the mirror should the day go on like this. They started their game over a small but playful hassle over breakfast and when Hannibal had given him *this* smile, Will knew he had walked right into Hannibal's trap.

Whining, Will pressed his heated face against the cold mirror while Hannibal fucked him hard. It was part of their game after all.

The game was about who would call it off first; Hannibal because he was exhausted and couldn't get it up again or Will because he his knees had turned into jelly and he was too sore to take Hannibal's rough fucking anymore.

They were fucking in front of the huge mirror in their bedroom, only there...and they were already on round four within the span of three hours.

Despite the strength and force Hannibal was using, he still managed to take Will's breath away while fucking Will from one orgasm into the next. Streaks of white marking the mirror and the carpet under Will showed the proof that Hannibal was a formidable foe in this game of pleasure in front of the mirror.

There wasn't enough strength left in Will's body to make any sounds when Hannibal shoved him against the mirror with a grunt to change the angle.

The new angle allowed Hannibal to nail Will's prostate with every thrust while he wrapped his hand around Will's cock to jerk him off in sync with his thrusts.

"Bastard," Will whispered under his breath while his own body betrayed him to Hannibal.

His knees were about to give out if not for Hannibal keeping him upright while fucking and jerking him off at the same time.

Hannibal's answer was an amused chuckle which broke off into a low moan when Hannibal reached his orgasm and pumped his release into Will's sloppy hole. Sloppy from Hannibal's former orgasms painting his inside white.

"You only say that because you are about to lose our game, Will."

Growled words while Hannibal was still jerking Will off until a small dribble of cum ran down Hannibal's fingers and onto the carpet. They would clean up their mess later.

Looking over his shoulder, Will showed Hannibal his teeth while his body was shaking.

"I won't give up."

Hannibal snapped his teeth at Will.

“Of course, you won’t, darling mine.”

End Notes

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